



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**



**ROBOTS THERE
ARE—AND
ROBOTS**

Judge Thomas Taylor, retired jurist, living in Carmel, appears in the safety valve column of the *Chronicle* Monday morning this week with a telegraphed letter calling attention to President Roosevelt's intention to make robots out of the members of the United States Supreme Court. THE CYMBAL desires to move humbly beyond the confines of its jurisdiction, so to speak, by suggesting to Judge Taylor that he glance over the record of Justice McReynolds of the said Supreme Court in relation to ALL New Deal legislation which came before him for adjudication as to its constitutionality. There are robots and there are robots.

**WHY CYMBALS ARE NOT
SOLD ON THE STREET**

We have been asked on a number of occasions why THE CYMBAL is not sold by newsboys and girls on the streets. We have answered in this wise: We believe that school children, energetically and naturally seeking nickels for their wares, can be considerably annoying. We know that generally they are annoying. On one or two occasions, when THE CYMBAL has permitted newsboys to take out papers, we have ourselves been annoyed by salesmen for our own newspaper. THE CYMBAL wants Friday to be a red-letter day, with itself the instrument of pleasure, not of annoyance.

Besides, during the nine months of the year, practically everyone living in Carmel knows of the existence of the Carmel papers and where they can be bought on the newsstands. During the three summer months the situation is different and then THE CYMBAL will consider sending out newsboys on the streets. We may even consider it, in a modified form, during the winter months, but if we do, the boys and girls who hold CYMBALS in their arms will not be permitted to annoy you.

**LATHAM TELLS WHY HE
QUIT ON FIRE HOUSE**

Milt Latham, erstwhile city architect on the new fire station, retired from his job because he wasn't paid any attention to by Councilman Bernard Rowntree, fire commissioner, and Birney Adams, city building inspector. We can see Milt's point.

He says that while his plans and specifications for the building were formally accepted by the city council last August and the building was started according to those plans and specifications, in the last few months changes have been made without his consent, approval, or, even, his knowledge. He declares that he has been ignored completely by both Rowntree and Adams in the matter of substitutions for his specifications. The gist of the matter appears to be that many of the things Rowntree and Adams have done would not have been approved by Latham, and the fire commissioner and the building inspector knew it.

Milt goes into details as to changes made which he claims are

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

AIRPORT WINS, BUT NOT YET; SCORE 3 TO 2 OR 5 TO 0

Carmel will contribute \$800 or so toward the completion of the Monterey airport at Del Monte—but not for two weeks.

This was made certain at Wednesday night's meeting of the city council when Mayor Everett Smith and Councilmen Thoburn and Rowntree announced that they were ready to vote for the appropriation. But the vote was not taken Wednesday night because Councilman Clara Kellogg declared that she was not satisfied that such action would "benefit the public as a whole" or that it was "in particular harmony with our type of town," and Councilman Joseph Burge said he wouldn't vote for it unless Miss Kellogg did.

After considerable discussion, entered into by all members of the council except Rowntree, and by lobbyists such as John Jordan, Chief of Police Robert Norton, and Al Norton of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce, Thoburn announced that come what may in the mental and moral attitude of Councilmen Kellogg and Burge within the next fortnight, he would move to contribute the \$800 at the next meeting on March 3. If he sticks to it, and Jim Thoburn has a way of sticking to things, the city of Carmel will appropriate the \$800-odd

(Continued on Page Eight)

OUR FOUR-MAN POLICE FORCE IN 1936 COST US \$11,268

What price a swell police department?

Here are the figures for 1936. Here is what Carmel, a city of approximately 2800 population, off through lines of travel, either railroad or highway, pays for police protection.

Here is what Carmel, without slums, without gambling houses, without a so-called tenderloin, without a mixed population, without vagrancy, pays for its four-man police department.

Here is what Carmel, with only three hard-liquor tap rooms, with every establishment except one lunch room closed tight at midnight, pays for its constabulary.

Here is what Carmel, with scarcely an appreciable increase in population or business over ten years ago when its police force of one man cost little more than \$175 a month, now pays for uniformed vigilance against high crimes and misdemeanors.

Here are the figures for 1936:

Salaries	\$7,541.50
Gasoline for auto- mobiles	198.28
Telephone bills	364.31
Police Chief's equip- ment	570.76
Office supplies	134.77
Police insurance	300.00
Incidental account	138.85

Grand and glorious
total

And that isn't all.

Under our form of government, the chief of police is the ex-officio tax collector. Gus England, our city marshal ten years ago, was actual tax collector, and he didn't get any extra pay for it, not even feed for his horse, or gasoline for his automobile.

But the present chief of police does not collect the taxes. He has an assistant, a paid assistant, paid by the city; paid, in fact, \$135 a month by the city. And in addition, this assistant acts as "desk sergeant" for the police department. So, naturally, we can add 12 times \$135 to the police department cost.

Which raises the total to the sum of \$11,268.47.

Ponder over these figures this week and next Friday we will show you what other cities, no bigger than Carmel, on highways, on railroads, with slums, with vagrants, with mixed population, with more tap rooms, with gambling houses, pay for their police departments.

The comparisons should be highly interesting to taxpayers.

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MRS. GRACE RODGERS DIES AT COMMUNITY HOSPITAL

Mrs. Grace Rodgers died Saturday last at Peninsula Community Hospital. She was 74 years old and for more than eight years had been a resident of Carmel, living first on San Antonio street and later at the Highlands. She was active in local affairs and many cherished her rare friendship.

Mrs. Rodgers leaves a son, the Rev. Edward Rodgers, living in Long Island, New York. Her husband, who died scarcely a year ago, was a San Luis Obispo newspaper editor.

New Building For Ocean Avenue And Lincoln

CARMEL BEATEN BY BEATENEST WIND STORM IN YEARS

Carmel took the heaviest beating in years from wind and rain last Saturday. The temporary result was a lot of disappointment on the part of matinee movie fans, a number of candle-lit homes, cold food for some electric range owners, cold houses for those depending on electrically-starting floor furnaces, and persistent concern about whether or not the tall tree towering above the living room was staying up or coming down. In most instances it stayed up.

But—

The permanent result is a reduction by about nine of the pine tree population of the village and, if you measure the capacity of the street department in the face of a holocaust, a large number of highways and by-ways that are to be a constant menace to foot and tire traffic.

Of course, the P. G. & E. took it hard on the chin, as was to be expected. It is, however, to the credit of the company's efficiency in grappling wires to their poles with hoops of steel, that the temporary collapse of the power system was entirely caused by falling trees landing on lines.

As a result the southern section of the city was without light or power for about four hours, from 1 o'clock to 5 o'clock, parts of the northern section were dark until 8 o'clock at night, and Pebble Beach and parts of Carmel Valley had no

(Continued on Page Eight)

STEVE PATTERSON SEEKS A GUY WHO LIKES RIB STEAK VERY RARE

If you have any unpaid meal tags at Steve Patterson's Chop House now is the time to go in there, chisel something off your bill, pay the difference and tear up the tag.

Steve won't know the difference. He can't read. He's lost his glasses.

And he's looking for a kindly-appearing old gentleman with a passion for rib steaks rare. He thinks the said kindly-appearing old gentleman walked off with his glasses. If so, and if he will return them, Steve will present him with a rib steak as rare as rare can be and a well-used, but still serviceable fedora hat to boot. The old gentleman left the hat when he fled—with Steve's glasses.

Steve doesn't think it was theft, but that inadvertently the old gentleman, borrowing the glasses to read the telephone book, slipped them into his pocket.

There is, however, something funny about his leaving his hat—just as though he were nervous, one would say.

MRS. DUMMAGE TO IMPROVE LINCOLN ST. PROPERTY

At last, after varied and changing fortunes, Carmel's familiar and traditional bulletin board is finally doomed.

Mrs. Mary L. Dummage is to erect a \$20,000 business building on its present site on the south-east corner of Lincoln street and Ocean avenue. The only vacant lot on Carmel's main stem, between Mission street on the east and Monte Verde on the west, is to vanish.

Preliminary sketches of the proposed building are now being drawn by Guy Koepp, architect. Details as to size and actual cost of the structure are not at this time available, but prospective tenants are being interviewed by Mrs. Dummage and ground will probably be broken before summer has far advanced. It is understood that A. C. Stoney will be the contractor.

After all, when everything is considered and the stacks are counted and passed around to the players, it isn't nearly so important that Mrs. Dummage is going to build a building—Mrs. Dummage has buildings—as it is that another slice of Carmel's soul is to be sliced off and tossed to the dogs of commerce.

Time was when that bulletin board was the pulse beat of the village. It has fallen on sad days within the past few years. Its change of location from the library corner, made necessary by the erection of that structure, did not raise its fortunes. Today probably few people pay any attention to it.

IMELMAN GETS PERMIT TO BUILD HOME

Conrad Imelman leads the building permit list for the week with his application for the privilege of constructing a one-story house on the southwest corner of Casanova and Eighth. M. J. Murphy is the contractor and promises to have Conrad's home all nice and finished by high summer—June 17. The house will cost \$6,000.

Mabel W. Graham was granted a permit for the construction of a one-story frame cottage at Camino Real and Tenth. Hugh Comstock will do the building for \$5500.

Day labor will be used by Mrs. L. Dreishmeyer for an addition to her cottage at Twelfth and Casanova. Cost, \$150.

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P. G. & E. SERVICE MAN FALLS AND BREAKS LEG

Barney Bracisco, service man for the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., fell from a ladder and fractured a leg last Sunday afternoon while doing repair work at his home at Second and Santa Fe streets. He was taken to the Peninsula Community Hospital for treatment.

objectionable and, in many cases, destructive of the beauty and permanence of the building. As Milt outlines them we can appreciate his attitude and are inclined to agree with him. At any rate, we are unanimous in the opinion that if an architect is employed, his plans accepted, and he is continued on the job and the payroll, he should be considered in all matters of changes, his opinion asked and his approval sought. That's just common ordinary courtesy, if nothing else.

Perhaps it would have been better, surely it would have been cheaper, to have let Rowntree and Adams draw the plans for the fire station. Then they could have gone on their way without an architect bothering them at all. We haven't any notion what kind of a building would have come out of that, but Milt says they have started running things themselves in time enough to make it look awful, as it is.

We would like to hear Rowntree's and Adams' story on this.

DON'T CALL CARMEL 778 DURING A STORM

May we make a suggestion in the interests of—well, mechanical science?

How about NOT ringing up the electric company when, in what can be recognized by almost any normal human being as a general storm, your lights go out?

This fellow Weer, who runs the local P. G. & E. office, knows his onions when it comes to the matter of public relations and he isn't complaining about the number of telephone calls that came in to electric headquarters last Saturday, but even with his reticence in the case, it is easy to get from his sigh that it ran into three or four figures.

Did you ever stop to think about how silly it is to ring up the electric company when your lights go out during a storm? Who do you suppose is as much concerned about getting your lights and power on as you are? (That was the right answer the first time.) Even if you discount any concern on the part of the company about your personal welfare, suppose you give some credit to the said company for thinking about its own welfare. You know, your meter doesn't go when your lights won't burn, or your electric stove heat up or your refrigerator function. And while your meter isn't going, you're not running into debt with the electric company. It isn't making a cent off of you.

In other words, the electric company gets to a broken circuit quicker than you can call Carmel 778 or 178. If you are not willing to think they are doing it for you, you can bet your next month's bill against a telephone slug they're doing it for themselves.

It doesn't help matters to telephone to the electric company during a storm. Rather, if anything, it hinders them.

And this isn't a paid ad. It's just another manifestation of the extent of our brotherly love.

MRS. W. P. LUCAS TO TALK TO MISSIONARY SOCIETY

"The American Negro and the Negro in Africa" will be the subject of a talk by Mrs. William Palmer Lucas before the Carmel Missionary Society at the annual meeting to be held Tuesday afternoon at All Saints Parish House. Mrs. Lucas, living in San Francisco, has long been a student and an authority on world race relations and her talk here is looked forward to with great interest by the members of the society. The society will elect officers for the year at this meeting.

Voice of Crooks Sensitive and Powerful

By the grace of God and the Carmel Music Society we did hear Richard Crooks sing on Saturday evening. The fates were undoubtedly ranged against that concert.

On the morning of the first engagement the singer awoke with a voice which would not rise above a whisper. Members of the Society spent the day at their telephones cancelling tickets. The success of the second engagement was threatened by the wind-demon that was let loose upon the town. Rain thrashed the roofs, and trees were dragged out by the roots, the electric service was cut off, and there was good prospect of having to light the auditorium with candles! However, towards evening, the grace of God prevailed, and the lights went on and the stars came out.

Richard Crooks, with his magnificent voice, was worth waiting for. He opened his concert by singing Bach. "If Thou Be Near" gave him scope for that remarkable quality of sustained power which makes him such a great singer. Through a varied program containing Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Donizetti numbers the audience sat delighted. Several of the encores, especially "The Dream" and "Have You Seen How the White Lily Grows" had that charm of elusive beauty, which makes them so well worth clapping for.

Particularly interesting were several numbers composed for Crooks by his accompanist, Frank La Forge. The last of these, recently composed and sung only once before in public, was among the favorite numbers on the program.

The voice of Richard Crooks is a sensitive and powerful instrument. Pianissimo passages were sung with a control as delicate as that which directed the full voice. Song in all its moods was graced by this conscious poise.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

Legion Has 2 Good Parties in Offing

George Washington's birthday will be celebrated by the Carmel Post of the American Legion with a dance at the clubhouse tomorrow night. The affair is in charge of Joe Catherwood. The music will be provided by Allen Knight's orchestra.

On the following Saturday the Legion will have one of those stag card parties for which it is famous. Bud Crossman is pulling the strings for this event and it promises to be a lively evening with everything according to Hoyle. It is arranged that the losers at each table will pay for the supper for the winners. The supper will be provided on the spot.

PWA ORCHESTRA TO BE HEARD AT SUNSET

A program of Mexican and Spanish music will be given this morning at 11 o'clock at Sunset School Auditorium by one of Dene Denny's PWA orchestras.

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WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

KSFO—Tonight at 7 o'clock the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra with Ormondy conducting a half hour of classic music.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, Abram Chasins, composer and pianist of note, will present a 30-minute interlude of piano analysis and interpretation of classic pianoforte.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, the Metropolitan Opera.

KSFO—Tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock, the Columbia Workshop.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning, at 8:30 o'clock, or KSL at 8 o'clock, Ernest Schelling directs the Children's Concert, one of the unique educational programs on the air. He wins over both young and old by his spontaneous humor, showmanship and human interest.

KSFO—Sunday at 12 o'clock noon, Chavez conducts the New York Philharmonic Symphony. The program includes Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, Bach's Brandenburg Suite, and some of Chavez' own compositions.

KPO—Sunday night at 7 o'clock, General Motors concert. Grace Moore will feature the program.

KGO—Thursday, at 12:45 o'clock, the Eastman Symphony.

Mary Marble In 'The Fool' Lead

That redoubtable trouper, Mary Marble Henderson, is getting along fine. We saw her on the second night of her hurried induction into the cast of "The Fool," and she knew all her lines, and more than that.

And don't be too good, Relda Maddox, for we've seen you on Sixt' Avenir many times, and that kind of reputation is hard to live down, as you have perhaps heard. To borrow one of your own lines: "We'll make it hell for you, and we ain't any better than you." We might make a rotten pun and say the play is full of Koepp women. Anyhow, even if Clay said it wasn't one of the better rehearsals, we haven't turned in our ticket yet. We are even looking forward to it with a certain maidenly fluttering. We have loved Billie Shepard for nigh onto two years now and, so far as we know, this love has gone absolutely unrequited. He gets pretty convincingly big-hearted in "The Fool," so we shall wait. And see.

To Elizabeth Todd, who was doing so nicely in the lead, we extend our sincerest sympathy. We know just how you feel, and in one of our leisure moments (what was that?) we'll write you a play all your own that will defy the medics. We'll write it all about a hospital.

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Girls' Basketball Gets Good Start at Sunset School

Girls' Basketball has been added as another extra-curricular activity to the program of Sunset School.

Two managers have been appointed: Jacqueline Klein of the eighth grade, and Marilyn Strasburger of the seventh grade group. The following girls are enthusiastic participants in one of Sunset's newest and most enjoyable activities:

Eighth graders—Madeleine McDonogh, Marjorie Hoyt, Clara May Walls, Joan Warren, Lillian Ohm, Alice Vidoroni, Emma Ann Wishart, Eleanor Hart, Jean McLaughlin, Ann Millis, Katherine Baggett, Lucile Finn, Dorothy Nash, Harriet Hatton, Mary Jane Uzzell, Jacqueline Klein, Ann Whitman, Elaine McEntire.

Seventh grade: Nancy Ricketts, Leona Ramsey, Eleanor Johnston, Beverly Douglas, Margot Coffin, Helen Wetzel, Charlotte Townsend, Elise Beaton, Dorothy DeAmaral, Virginia Grogan, Joan Fauntleroy, Marilyn Strasburger, Adeline Guth, Ernestine De Ford, Edith Cox, Martha Rico, Dorothy Ottmar, Martina Tait, Peggy Garguilo.

Rhys Williams Has Book Out Soon

Albert Rhys Williams, who with his wife, Lucita, and their son, Rhys, Jr., have been living in Carmel for the past four or five years, have gone from among us. Rhys, himself, has been gone for some months, and Lucita and young Rhys are now joining them. Their departure may be explained by the fact that even now Harcourt, Brace & Company are announcing the forthcoming appearance of "Twenty Years of the Soviets," a spirited review of the last 20 years in Russia. The book, almost all of which was written in Carmel, required four years in the writing, and is the result of long residence in Soviet Russia by the author and his brilliant wife.

ALBERT H. VAN HOUTTE'S SISTER-IN-LAW DIES

Albert H. Van Houtte last week attended the funeral in Oakland of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter Van Houtte, who died in her Oakland home after a short illness. Besides her husband, who recently retired

as captain of inspectors of the Oakland Police department, Mrs. Van Houtte leaves two daughters, Mrs. John J. Bassett of San Francisco and Mrs. Ethel Houch, and a son, Eugene.

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Milstein Is Praised Elaborately By Music Critics

Critics have resorted to the last word in superlatives in their encomiums of Nathan Milstein, violinist, who will be presented to Carmel by the Carmel Music Society at Sunset Auditorium tomorrow evening.

For instance, here are a few paragraphs from well known music critics:

Edward Moore, *Chicago Tribune*: "Nathan Milstein's 'little Bach' turned out to be an unaccompanied prelude and fugue into which was packed more fire and excitement than there has been in any unaccompanied violin performance within memory."

Herman Devries, *Chicago Examiner*: "Over 2,000 persons shouted, cried, stamped, whistled and clapped their hands until the walls of Orchestra Hall echoed to the din. The deep tones of men, the shriller shrieks of the women united to make one of the greatest triumphs an artist can have in the course of his public career. Milstein is the hero of the hour."

Glenn Dillard Dunn, noted reviewer: "I can recall no violinist who has provoked a similar reaction in recent years, nor one who more richly merited the most extravagant expressions of approval. Genius is the word. An artist without fault. The results are uncanny. He seems to be performing magic."

To crown all this and a deal more, Julius Korngold, dean of all critics, writes in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*: "Nathan Milstein is a happy combination of the highest virtuosity and musicianship, of spiritual and technical capacity, of tenderness and boldness, of poetic mystery and stormy temperament. This young violinist has everything. A sensational success."

With his \$75,000 Stradivarius, Nathan Milstein should easily prove the sensation of the Carmel Music Society's present season.

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LLOYDS RETURN; PROFESSOR INTERESTED IN FAMOUS MAC DOUGAL STEAMER

All scientific men are alike in one respect—even retired professors of botany; even, in fact, professors emeritus; to be more specific, even Francis Ernest Lloyd, late of McGill University, Montreal. They fool you. You expect them to go down deep in the first flash of comment or opinion, or in the expression of curiosity. But—

"What's happened to Dr. MacDougal's old Stanley Steamer?"

That was the first question Dr. Lloyd asked on his arrival in Carmel Monday with Mrs. Lloyd, to make their permanent home here after the busiest lives on the faculty of the great Canadian college. In the old Lloyd home at Thirteenth and San Carlos streets Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd now will live, back in the village they have known for intermittent summers for many years; the village they learned to love before most of its present residents knew anything about it.

But Dr. Lloyd's question about the famous MacDougal steam automobile will have to wait the return of Dr. MacDougal from the east for an answer. We can't tell him that—not definitely.

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You can subscribe for THE CYMBAL at our Ocean avenue office—with The Carmel Investment Company, Ocean avenue, south side, just west of San Carlos street. It's \$1 a year.

CARMEL CAPERS

We have spent the past week in Palm Springs, and wish to make the following report:

Anyone is entitled to his own views concerning our possible affiliation with any chamber of commerce group.

We were unable to discover a cowboy who looked as much like Gary Cooper as does a certain Standard station attendant in Monterey.

Or any Indians who excelled in primitive abandon the usual Saturday night tap room habitues.

We heard no coyote cries so doleful as the Monday morning moanings of some of our local pace-setters.

Nor could we find desert sands as depressingly arid as Carmel bars after midnight.

There were no cactus plants more barbed than our editor's retorts to critics.

And of all the colorful desert sunsets, we saw none to compare, for sheer profusion of pigment, with a few of Bobby Smith's more inspired ensembles!

We are forced to admit that the police of Palm Springs surpass ours in upholding the cherished cinematic traditions of the west. Is it possible (in the interests of a more picturesque Carmel), that Chief Norton could be prevailed upon to perform his humanitarian duties from beneath the cool concealment of a ten gallon Stetson? We are convinced that it would be not only becoming, but a most practical ambush.

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Even if we had not been informed of Marcy Brennan's advent into our quiet little hamlet, over the week-end, we could have detected his presence by the tail-dragging aspect of his many friends: when Marcy hits town, it means a party!

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Of course he plays polo, not cricket, Miss Hudson, but we don't think it can be according to the ground rules of either game to take the crutches of an injured athlete with you during a temporary absence from the Bali Room, however great one's fear that he may escape.

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It is sadly indicative of the slow decay of an entire social system that the space formerly devoted to ping-pong and other healthful indoor recreation has been not only halved, but quartered, in order to provide more room for those adherents of the nation's most popular sports known as bar-sustaining and elbow-athletics.

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Presumably, the mournful little man we see walking on the beach every morning is the early worm who gets the bird.

—L. L.

Girl Scouts Have Court of Awards

Carmel Girl Scouts received badges and awards of merit at a Court of Awards held in the Carmel Girl Scout House last Thursday. The program was opened with the flag ceremony, recital of the Scout laws and promises, and the singing of "America," accompanied on the piano by Ann Millis.

Badges were awarded to Musician: Ann Millis; Observer: Clara May Walls; Scholarship: Clara May Walls, Laurel Bixler and Elise Beaton.

The following received first-aid awards: Elise Beaton, Laurel Bixler, Beverley Douglas, Harriet Hatton, Jacqueline Klein, Charlotte May, Ann Millis, Lillian Ohm, Gerry Shepherd, Patsy Shepherd, Charlotte Townsend, Alice Vidoroni, Ann Whitman, Emma Ann Wisheart and Clara May Walls.

Home Nurse awards went to Elise Beaton, Beverley Douglas, Harriet Hatton, Jacqueline Klein, Ann Millis, Gerry Shepherd, Charlotte Townsend, Alice Vidoroni, Ann Whitman, Emma Ann Wisheart.

Girl Scout Aid: Harriet Hatton and Jacqueline Klein.

First class: Harriet Hatton, Jacqueline Klein and Ann Millis.

Second class: Charlotte May, Clara May Walls and Lillian Ohm.

The class in first-aid has been under the instruction of Dr. Harry R. Lusignan of Monterey and the home nursing course under a graduate nurse, Mrs. W. B. Swain, of Carmel. O. W. Barderson, principal of Sunset school, gave the course in scholarship and Mrs. Katherine MacFarland Howe of Carmel adjudged the musicianship award.

THOMPSON SISTERS TO BE MARRIED THIS SUMMER

Miss Nancy Thompson and Miss Jean Thompson, sisters, and regular summer residents of Carmel, are to be married in the early summer.

This announcement was received this week by Carmel friends from Mrs. Eugene Thompson of Fresno where the family home is. Mrs. Thompson has announced that Nancy will marry Philip Allthorpe and Jean is to be the bride of Chester Madden. Both young men are Fresno residents.

The Thompsons own a home at Eighth and Santa Fe streets and have been spending their summers here for seven years.

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"SQUIGGS" NOW TO LEAD PSYCHIATRY GROUP

Katherine Nelson, known in these parts as "Squiggs," seems to have pulled the L. Cody Marsh vehicle up onto solid ground. Greatly to the credit of Mrs. Ross Miller and Mrs. Nelson, a sane, workable plan for presenting a series of talks and discussions about the psychology is on its way. The first step, Squiggs says, is to weed out a lot of loose thoughts and the use of a mess of terms no one really understands, but everyone uses too freely for anyone's good.

The list of suggested reading in Psychology, which Mrs. Nelson has carefully compiled, merits anybody's consideration. It is prominently displayed in the public library and nearly all books are available in the library. Even if you don't want to join the Group, you can thank Squiggs for a really splendidly planned course of reading.

Adriana Spadoni's New Book Lauded

Two Washington, D.C., newspapers spread our own Adriana Spadoni all over their book pages, with pictures of her and everything, last week. It's about her new book, "Not All Rivers," which has just been published by Doubleday, Doran. You can get an idea about the book, and something of the two or three columns of comment on and about Adriana from the following quotation:

"Miss Spadoni's 'Not All Rivers' portrays a group of professional persons, 'muddle Liberals,' as she terms them, who face greed, injustice and despair with no idea about how to protect themselves. 'I believe these characters are fairly typical of many middle-class people in the United States today,' she said; then added prophetically, 'and I believe these people, like my characters, will eventually awaken to the necessity of standing shoulder to shoulder with the colored-shirted worker in the struggle for survival.'"

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Community Church

The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of February 12, 1937) was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District.....	330
Outside Carmel District.....	79
Newsstand Sales.....	72
Total.....	481
Gain over previous week.....	34

TEN YEARS AGO

this week

From The Cymbal, February 16, 1927.

"The Bad Man" cast will leave for San Francisco on Friday to give the play at the Women's City Club auditorium this week-end." So said us on Page One ten years ago. And Oh Boy, did we go? We went because we printed the programs and, of course, had to deliver them—personally. We remember, we took Beth Ingels with us—she was one of our right arms on THE CYMBAL at the time. And we tramped, as By Ford was mentioning yesterday in retrospect. We all bunked at a ninth-rate hotel on Sutter street where the smell (far from fragrance) from the kitchen wafted unsweetly up the light well alongside all our windows. By reminded us, by the way, that his part of willyun in the play was the first long part he had ever had in a Carmel production. He said: "And when I was flopped at the fall of the curtain by Jo Mora's unerring bullet, and the audience clapped, I felt funny as the devil."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Levinson of San Francisco, and their three sons, have taken the Edler home in Eighty Acres. Levinson recently purchased the Carmel Garage from William H. Frolii.

"Notes and Comment" led off with this: "We see by the San Francisco Chronicle that a certain 'Charles Van Pippet' was one of the ushers at the wedding of Harrison Godwin and Audrey Willett."

Harry and Suzanne Hedger were hosts at a party in honor of Beth Mason at their home on El Camino Real and Eighth street last Saturday night. The guests included James Hopper, Frank and Margaret Lloyd, Francis and Elaine Whitaker, Dick and Janice Albee, Mark and Margaret Wilson, Elwin Mason, Carl Brown, Eric Koster, Ross Burton, Jerome Chance and Thelma Vickers.

Read The Cymbal Ads.

CLANGING CYMBALS

Surely we are not one to refute what our grandfather, who passed the hat in the First Congregational Church of Henniker, N.H., once said about women's headgear. A woman, he thought, should in all respects dress with seamliness, but that her hat should be saucy to a fault. We have such a hat ourselves. Lately it prompted a somewhat artificially-bewildered gentleman to encircle us completely on the dance floor of the Mark Hopkins and explain that he really had to know whether we were coming or going. (It was during a Bankers' conference, and Bankers rather feel they must, you know.)

But, definitely, we believe a hat should be allowed to establish its own identity and we personally resent these milliners who are going around naming our hats for us. Dobbs, for instance, with its model "One-O-O-Eight." It used to be something to own a Dobbs Hat. But the one thousand and eighth



Dobbs hat! Then there is Maria Guy's gift to spring, "Interlude." Now, we still cherish the hope that spring will bring us quite unsought, interludes both strange and terribly familiar. But we'll be hornswoggled if we intend to be dragged into them by the hat of our head.

We have, also, The Tailored Woman, sponsoring "Abandon," an old snig of a hat, if you ask us, that would better have been called "Abandoned." Dearie, we are going out in our Abandon today. But things have gone too far when Jeff of London comes out with "17 Berkeley Square," which is his street number. Okay. We won't be behind the times, so here is our little spring number: "Lincoln Street between Fourth and Fifth, through the White Gate on the Ocean Side, and for God's Sake don't get Stuck in the Sand."

WE SYMPATHIZE: Iola said a gentleman came into the grocery store and reeled off a daily list from memory down to the last item—but one. After some harried headscratching, abetted by helpful hints on Iola's part, he gave up "It doesn't matter, anyway," he said. "It was a luxury." Some minutes later he was back, relaxed. "I know! Potatoes!"

Somewhere along in the year 1742, a Sheffield cutler stood over his forge repairing the haft of a knife. That was one of the years—we stand not too ready to be corrected—when the Indians were being driven out of Florida and the French across the Rhine. Science in Carolina was gestant with Indigo. Walpole had fallen from power. And our cutler, gazing out at the Pennines and the fair prospect of the West Riding, dropped a bit of hot copper onto the silver he was handling, producing in a moment and by accident, the chemical miscegenation which resulted in Sheffield Plate.

This being an introduction to Joy Ballam's shop on Dolores street, where some fine old Sheffield Plate, as well as lovely pieces of Georgian silver, may be seen any day. There are two magnificent wine coolers; there are pepper grinders and suavely beautiful vegetable dishes

with hot water compartments.

We wouldn't exactly whimper if someone presented us with all four of the telescoped candlesticks, or the teapot with the gadrooned edges. And the cheese scoop, the cheese warmer and the marrow scoop.

Consider the marrow scoop. Dated 1797; George Third. Now, we have always harbored pity for that monarch, who, having lost America, the personal rule of England and his mind, must have felt with his illustrious forebear that he, too, would like to "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings." But it tickles our imagination that, in all this bitter litter of amaze, he could retire to some quiet corner of the palace and scoop marrow. A philosophic satisfaction, and, if our dog is any criterion, something of a sensory delight. Joy says one stirs highballs with the marrow scoop of today. Ah well, some think that we, also, have lost America; and reason has ever an itching buttock.

We leave you to discover other loves in Joy's charming store. There is a spoon warmer we would give a good home. And if you want a senseless delightful little gift for a dollar and a half, go in and snatch up that twirp of a small vial, which, having lived through the centuries of smelling salts and perfumery, should hold just enough sake for one quick one.

Dear Mr. Studebaker, we hadn't the remotest notion of using castor oil anywhere in our new car. We almost wish you hadn't mentioned it.

Warning to the constabulary; Janet Prentiss and Mattie Coppuck are in danger of their lives. After all, it was you, Bob Norton, who fingerprinted us and gave us a neat little paper which allowed as how we could tote a gun. Until we saw that knitted linen suit at the Cinderella Shop yesterday, we have remained a reasonably orderly citizen. But, almost any dark night now, girls.

It's a smouldering little thing, bursting into flame at its red wool neck. If you don't like knits, it doesn't look like one; if you do, it does. 99 3/4 per cent washable linen, and just give us a chance to prove it floats.

There is a rainwashed gold, slim tweed suit with an English topcoat. Knee action and no brakes. A Rodier suit that started life as a smudge gray and is blossoming, like our hills, into violet and green. So, so demure, with its genteelly elevated shoulders and its Monterey Pine Needle blouse. But give it a gay face and a light heart—or it will give them to you—and, say carnelian shoes and scarf! Who pulled that idiotic one about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach?

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should like to see all the girls wearing. They have bows made for untying and a trickily orchestrated swing that makes you walk along to the tune of your pet band maestro. Lilac to violet to pink—Ben Bernie and All the Lads. All the Lads.

Yes, our intentions are distinctly dishonorable. One consideration we shall give you, mesdames. Knowing you are old and dear friends, we'll see to it that your last agonies shall be shared—up the next dark alley you dare venture. Bob Norton will doubtless apprehend us frantically trying to decide which of your darlings we have to leave behind.

The story is of the big woman—size 52—who squeezed through the door one morn. Mattie took one look and submitted carefully that they didn't carry the larger sizes. The leviathan sizes. "Oh, I don't

want a dress. I'm looking for a play suit."

Verily, our cup runneth over. Tomorrow night we shall sit face to face with Nathan Milstein again, and lose our soul to gain the world anew.



And this is Pushkin year, when we remember:

"Near a sea cove an oak is growing:
Around that oak a golden chain:
Along that chain Sir Cat-the-Knowing
Doth ever walk and walk again."

—LYNDA SARGENT

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Edited by Jessie Joan Brown



Visiting in the village this week were four charming youngsters from Windridge Kennels in Everett, Washington. They were Camilla, Carmencita, Swingtime and Gold Dust, all cockers, who with their mistresses, the Misses Swallow, had attended the Dog Shows in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Pasadena, and had captured more than their share of the spoils.

A tip to ladies who desire Titian tresses! Miss Annie Laurie Marion, of our own Royal Family of stage and screen, confesses that the color of her bonny auburn locks is due to the effects of Carmel sand and sea air. Miss Marion has come here from Hollywood where she was a member of the household of Francis Marion, the scenarist. Annie is quite blasé about "the movies" because she has been brought up on them, more or less. She is quite aloof, and seldom comes up to the village, preferring to walk on the beach with her mistress, Mrs. George Marion.

Fascinating as her name is that vivacious young Cuban, Chicita Chidester. Her mistress, Mrs. A. F. Chidester, met the señorita in Havana where she stopped off on a trip around the world, and was so charmed by her that she took her aboard ship and brought her to Carmel. Chicita has become quite Americanized, but there still lingers the alluring accent of the rumba to her dog-trot.

A devotion touching to see is that of Teddy Snack for his new master-by-adoption, Jack Jordan. Recently, when Jack was ill with the flu, Teddy kept a constant vigil at his bedside—so constant, in fact, that his new master could not stand it any longer and had to get up and get out.

Graf Gottfried is extremely fond of his mistress, Bonny. He is always bringing her surprise gifts. Once he brought her a bathing suit. It was a nice suit, practically new, but Bonny felt guilty about accepting it, so she took the suit around to all the neighbors. But none of them had ever seen it before. Bonny advertised the suit in the newspaper, but still no one claimed it, so she put it away on the closet shelf. Not long afterward, Bonny was invited to a swimming party, and woman-like, she didn't have anything to wear. She remembered the suit Graf had brought her, and took it down off the shelf and tried it on. Wonder of wonders, it was a perfect fit. (Good-old Graf.) So Bonny wore it.

In the party was Ernestine Renzel Reade, the swimming champion. When Ernestine saw Bonny wearing the suit, she exclaimed, "Why, I had a suit just like that but I lost it!"

Bonny questioned her further and found, to her embarrassment, that the suit hadn't been lost but had disappeared very mysteriously from the clothesline in the Reade back yard. Poor Bonny had to confess that hers was the missing suit—but how Graf knew it was the correct size remains a mystery to this day.

Richard Tobin, Jr., and Barbara Tobin were at Del Monte this last week-end.

Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Michael Williams, wife of Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, is in Carmel visiting her many friends here. She is staying with Miss Emma Williams. Michael Williams was one of the group of writers who settled here in the early days of the village, including Jimmie Hopper, Fred Bechdolt, George Sterling and Robert Welles Ritchie.

Interesting people are dropping in and out of the Major Ralph Cootes residence these days, and perhaps will continue to do so for a month or more. They are seeing California and working out, so to speak, of the Cootes mansion. They very much belong around a Cootes habitat. One is Mrs. John Goldsmith of Canada, the major's sister; a second is Miss Diana Cootes of London, a niece of the major; two others are Thomas Cootes, the major's son, and Mrs. Thomas Cootes, also of London; and the fifth is Miss Nina Cootes, a cousin of the major's, again from London. We don't know if they all return at the same time from their various trips, but if they do—well, there are the Cootes.

Vere Basham has spring fever.

Mrs. Edith Greenan was called suddenly to Los Angeles this week by the sudden illness of her father-in-law. Miss Ruth Austin accompanied her to the south. Their prospective trip to Honolulu has been postponed pending the recovery of Mr. Greenan.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Thurston of Carmel Highlands have returned to their home after a tour of the country that consumed the time from last October and took them as far down East as Maine and as far south as Florida.

Malcolm Macbeth took the train for Hollywood Monday night to be with his brother who is seriously ill following an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. A. F. Jorgenson, well known in Carmel as an expert masseuse, is in the county hospital serious ill from cancer.

Mrs. Douglas Short went to San Francisco this week to see "Hamlet."

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Carmel may lament its super-abundant rainfall this year, but the treefall is about up to the averages of those years between 1914 and 1920.

Abbie Lou Bosworth, of Carmel, saw Admiral Byrd on a recent trip to the Mojave. Apparently the hero of Little America was flying about in directions east, north and south looking over what may some day become Greater Los Angeles. By the way, a sign in the far Galapagos reads "Los Angeles City Limits." Some tuna fishermen . . .

Monterey is booming a yacht harbor. Carmel has two suitable harbors for small craft, Stillwater Cove at Pebble Beach and Carmel Cove at Point Lobos. The State is against the use of the latter place, commercially or for pleasure, but both types of craft are moored there throughout the year.

Good weather poked his face in to the Peninsula region early this week. And offshore lay a huge fog-bank ready to pounce upon Good-weather in that good old-fashioned way.

Heading the *Chronicle's* correspondence column Monday morning were letters by two well-known Carmel people—Ella Winter Steffens and Judge Thomas Taylor (retired). "Conscience," says the former, "prompted the Trotskyites' confessions." "We substitute six robots for the Supreme Court," says Judge Taylor.

John Douglas Short recently enhanced the public prints with a letter on San Francisco's architecture. The letter written in that fine Italian hand.

"All the News That's Fit To Print" brings us down the current disease campaign with its darling stories written by sob-sisters who never had a date. They seem pretty well up on the medical books, however.

"I want to see the blood," urged a local youngster after hearing Henry Meade Williams' account of steelhead snagging at the Carmel River mouth. It looks as if this controversy may bring a change in the fishing laws of this state.

James Hopper has retired from the heavy car team and now lines

up with the lightweights. After two turn-overs in heavy cars, he will try to turn his new car completely over and land on the wheels again—still going. He went through the old-time football years without injury and continues to ride the crest of the automobile age without a scratch.

Now is the time for all good men to get behind the suggestion that this region be NOT advertised as a fishing and hunting paradise. Personally I have never hunted in my home hunting grounds because there were too many other hunters from "all over." Time was I used to fish with "Judge" Clark in the Carmel River, a spindly boy with numb hands. Even then we were crowded.

All Carmel infants used to be considered precocious because they said "Frinstance" at the age of three. Now at two they say "OK."

Those cypresses on San Antonio! Those of us who live half a mile back from the sea want some view, too. How about a fire lane to the beach, Mayor Smith? Another gale and I'll have a Carmel Valley view.

John Steinbeck continues to knock them over. "Mice and Men" is Book of the Month Club selection. Too bad Carmel's elephant guns sent him up to the Santa Cruz mountains where hide the last of California's mountain lions.

On good rumor, Steinbeck will next do Scandinavia, although Oklahoma has also been calling him.

Remember Jack Calvin? Selling souvenirs up in Alaska. Calvin of the sea a landlubber. But don't all good sailors dream of a farm in the hills?

Eddie Fitzpatrick, leader of St. Francis hotel orchestra, was in Carmel staying with friends over Monday.

Mrs. G. S. Fletcher of Oakland will spend this week-end with Beth Sullivan. That will be nice for Mrs. Fletcher. The things she'll hear!

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The Child As An Individual

(This is the second in a series of articles on Education written for THE CYMBAL by Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School)

In considering the child as an individual we must give thought to the physiological, mental and social factors essential to his growth and development.

Proper pre-natal care is becoming increasingly common and is apt to be followed by acceptable procedure in infant care. This is important as respects the health of the mother and the well-being of the child. Preparation for child bearing and child-rearing should come in large measure before actual demands are made upon the parents to exercise judgment and decision. The environment, the routine, and the care provided by the parents will determine to a great extent the attitudes and reactions of the infant.

The child should receive a thorough physical examination and should enter kindergarten free from correctable physical defects. A regular yearly examination of the child followed by remedial or corrective measures will do much to insure future well-being. Immunizations and tubercular tests should be provided as a health precaution.

The child approaching and passing through the period of puberty undergoes radical changes in physical structure and growth. The oncoming complements of manhood and womanhood explain the great physical growth, the change of voice and development representative of masculinity or femininity. The growing child should know the reason for this change and be prepared to accept it as a natural phase of development rather than to ignorantly view each physical indication as a bewildering, secretive, or sinful evidence.

The emotional balance and outlook of the child are largely influenced by the environmental and emotional factors that are brought to bear upon him during the period of infancy and adolescence. To deal properly with the child the parent must have some knowledge of the child's limitations and restricted perspective. The adult is not wise in proceeding from an adult basis or assumption in meeting the problem presented by the child. The parent must truly make every attempt to understand the influences that may be the basis for the child's actions. Back of a distressing outburst may be some cause which is in no way evident on casual observation. Quick, thoughtless dealing with children may cause great damage to emotional balance. The calm, dispassionate attitude will dissolve most situations without creating an undesirable emotional fixation on the part of the child.

There is unquestionably wide variation in mental aptitude. In addition to the variations in mental aptitude are various emotional and environmental influences which to a great extent determine the direction and effectiveness of latent mental power. One of the functions of our educational system is to provide purposeful activity so that the child's mental capacity will be taxed and exercised because of interest. The curriculum should be adapted to the needs and abilities of the pupils. It is not right to expect a student to exceed his possibilities nor is it good practice to permit the superior student to be content with mediocre work. The old rule of expecting each pupil to meet the same standard of accomplishment is not only impossible but is in many respects a cruelty to the one who cannot measure up. The mental

activity of the pupil should be exercised in such a manner as to aid him in acquiring a well-balanced and controlled emotional outlook, intellectual integrity and effectiveness, appreciation of cultural elements, and sensitivity to social needs and problems.

Social adjustment is a matter of primary importance in the life of the child. In this highly socialized, interdependent era we must learn how to make satisfactory adjustments. The unadjusted or maladjusted child may suffer emotional stress and mental agony to the extent that his future happiness and welfare is hazarded. The teacher who fails to recognize this problem and who fails to attempt to solve it is sadly remiss in her sense of responsibility. From the period of extreme individualism to the period when the child is eager to be accepted as a social conformist the child is ever in need of guidance. Guidance based not only on technical understanding but on kindness and human understanding. The type of guidance referred to in one of Tolstoy's tales, to the effect that, "The most important person in the world is the one you are with and the most important thing is to do him good."

—O. W. BARDARSON

SCHOOL BOARD DISCUSSES VENETIAN BLINDS

The school board met last week and discussed the possibility of chairs for the school library and more Venetian blinds in the lower grades on the south side of the school house. Mrs. L. H. Levinson was absent, due to illness, and A. G. E. Hanke and Frank Shea discussed the three sample chairs that had been brought down from San Francisco. Venetian blinds have already been installed in the second, sixth and eighth grades and have proved serviceable as well as attractive.

MERCURIO SHINING UP HIS GOLF CLUBS

Paul Mercurio (herewith on page 6 and going forward) is already shining up his golf clubs against the possibility of some firemen being willing to play with him at the State Firemen's Association convention at Redding in September. That is, during the State convention—you know, in between conflagration discussions, and just before banquets and sightseeing tours. If anybody ever leaves Paul a legacy he'll close that barber shop so quick it will singe your whiskers and put up a tent on the nearest links. Ynez will have to carry his lunch to him.

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Here's a Carmel Woman, Excelling In Three Branches of the Arts, And Seeking No Market For It

We've found a woman in Carmel who has done splendid work in three branches of the arts and never tried to sell any of it!

Maude Mackenzie studied painting in Paris over 30 years ago under several able teachers, among them Raphael Collin, who claimed to have been the first to have his pupils paint the nude figure out of doors with a background of flowers and trees. A few years later, an accident injured the sight of one of her eyes and, because she wanted to be busy, she turned to modeling because it was something she could do without undue eye strain. She had no instruction. She tells us that anyone who had a feeling for line, who had studied painting and could draw, could model in clay. In her case, it would certainly seem true. In her home are several busts and heads of her friends that she did many years ago and one or two more recently, all of them excellent if we are any judge, creations of an artist of no mean ability.

But sculpture and painting are not the only branches of art that Maude Mackenzie has delved in. She has also written two books and a short play, but never sent them to a publisher. The first novel almost wrote itself, she claims, when she was endeavoring to help her husband formulate a character in a history of the early days of San Francisco he was writing. Before she realized it, she had written more than 300 pages and found she was writing a book. A second followed as a sequel. Friends have told her they were very good and suggested that she try and sell them to the motion pictures but some-

how, when it comes to selling her art, Mrs. Mackenzie stops short. It is the doing and the expression of what's within her that counts.

This artist lives alone in Carmel's oldest house, built in 1846, once part of the Powers ranch and called The Dunes. It has been added to and remodeled during the years until there are only a few evidences of its age. Its owner is the sort of woman who must be busy at something purposeful. She has taken up her sculpture again, hoping that it will fill her need, and at present is working on a bas relief of Pon Chung, Carmel's distinguished Chinese citizen.

—M. R. S.

SUNSET BASEBALLERS OPEN THE SEASON

Six intramural baseball teams of Sunset School seem to have opened the season officially this week. The games, we assure you, lack nothing that you might otherwise have to go to the Yankee Stadium to see, except that the young Deans and DiMaggios do not seem to think so much about pocket money. Each team is made up of boys ranging from fourth to eighth grade rating, and do the little fellers knuckle under! The teams are captained by the older boys with large experience.

Read The Cymbal Ads.



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Storm Water Still Floods Council

The sun may shine by day and the stars by night, but for the Carmel city council it is still wet. Flood waters have not ceased to flow around and about our municipal legislators.

At Wednesday night's meeting of the council, property owners from here and there and everywhere sent in communications requesting help.

The first letter of protest was from Harry C. Thompson who lives at Monte Verde and Second street. He respectfully submitted that during the recent heavy storm the flood swept across the street in front of his home, through his yard and picked up a stone garden wall, depositing it, stone and all, in a canyon far below his property. The matter was referred to City Attorney Argyll Campbell to investigate as to the city's liability in the matter, if any.

Then from Marysville came a letter from Miss Anna Farnum who owns unimproved property on Carpenter street between Second and Third. She declared that storm waters concentrated on her property and rendered it null and void during a storm. It developed that since Miss Farnum had bought the property there had been no change in the grading of Carpenter street, nor had work been done by the city that would tend to divert the water on to her property. The city clerk was instructed to inform her of such.

W. E. Mack of the Carmel Laundry was present and he arose at this point to say that after the storm waters left Miss Farnum's property they proceeded on down to Junipero street and deposited themselves on the floor of his laundry. He said that entrance to his property had all but been washed away and that he himself had built culverts in the effort to relieve the situation. He informed the council that all property owners in his section wanted the grading and improvement of Junipero street.

The discussion then went to the larger and more specific problem of providing a complete drainage system for the entire city. Councilman Thoburn said that he was endeavoring to get a tentative plan for an all-embracing system and that he would be able later to present the matter to the council.

The discussion ended on a lighter note, albeit as important to the protestant. It was a letter from Sherman Cummings, signing himself "mail carrier". He wrote that whenever it rained hard the boards placed in the gutter on Mission street at the rear entrance to the post office to facilitate entrance of his mail truck, just got up and went down to Seventh street.

The council allowed that it couldn't mess up with federal politics by doing anything about this, and Winsor Josselyn from the lobby suggested that Congressman McGrath bring back the boards after every storm.

Ordinances accepting ten lots from the Forest Hill school by purchase and deed of gift, and 15 lots from the Arts and Crafts Club (Forest Theater) were passed on final reading.

Transfer of business license from the Teene Tidbit Shoppe to Lester's Cafe was allowed.

Chief of Police Norton requested that all ordinances germane to the police department be printed in pamphlet form and Birney Adams, city inspector, said he would like them in this fashion, too. Nothing was done about it except a little

INTERESTING THINGS

PEOPLE WRITE IN

CONSIDERED IT OVERDOSE OF EDDIE GUEST

Editor Carmel CYMBAL:

We were immeasurably cheered by your report on Dr. L. Cody Marsh's lectures. L. S. has dispelled the disquieting fear that we were limping along, the only one out of step in Carmel and an old meanie for being critical. You see, we went to both general lectures. And while we listened politely, firmly restraining a tendency to squirm—particularly during the repeated ritual with the candles—we came away feeling as if we'd been fed an overdose of Eddie Guest and chided for finding it a bit cloying. It is comforting to know that at least one other does not regard the use of a Woolworth bowl to wash away imperfections of the spirit as a convincing indication of, or a means of attaining, maturity.

We admit our mind cringed just a little when Dr. Marsh suggested that procedure, and because we were in church the power of suggestion brought us the picture of our scholarly, clear-thinking father in the pulpit of a little country church, telling his flock what Paul might have meant in 1 Cor. 1:13 when he said, "when I became a man I put away childish things."

No we didn't like the wooden bowl idea and we didn't like the match lighting. Even less did we like the first lecture. It seemed to us seriously specious reasoning to regard the responses of various individuals to the phenomenon as war as the cause of war. Too great a preoccupation with individual hatreds (a man's against his brother, a woman's against her sisters and the priest who oppressed her, an afflicted person's against his schoolmates) may prevent us from searching out those underlying hatreds sufficiently basic to unite a people in revolution. If we are to eradicate war we must look deeper into its cause than individual psychoses. While the childhood hatreds of such a key man as Clemenceau give a clue to the mistakes of the Versailles treaty which are leading to another war, the vital causes, it seems to us, lie further back. And will not the actual fighting in the next war be about as impersonal to the individual combatants as scattering destructive insect powder from an airplane? While we heartily approve helping the individual eradicate feelings which make it possible for him to enjoy fighting, we cannot understand how these individual feelings, unless united on a common basis, make the inception of war possible. There must be something more to it than personalities.

We went to the second lecture still hopeful. While we were not exactly looking for the magic formula of sweetness and light, we were, in our own way, seriously interested in a scientific summary of the manifestations of maturity. We regret

discussion as to cost, etc.

The matter of regulating the speed of heavy trucks on San Antonio street came up, and the chief of police and several councilmen got into a debate about speed, recklessness, negligence, carelessness, etc., until finally City Attorney Campbell made himself heard with the smiling remark: "You people are settling questions of law in a pretty rapid manner." Then he told the chief what he could do and what he couldn't and that was that.

The next meeting will be held March 3.

that the good doctor made his conclusions from a study of some 3000 insane and several hundred criminals. It seemed to lead him to a formulation of the factors which will prevent those so inclined from becoming deranged but it scarcely gave us the hallmarks of an adult—at least the kind of adult we like. Unfortunately he made us bristle right away—with that reference to Macy's when he talked of thrift. We know something of Macy's—we were offered a job there once—and that man who made the survey. (He's always making surveys—that is his complex.) And we know a little of New York department stores in general, having walked out of jobs in three of them. We lasted longest at Gimbel's—right across the street from Macy's—where in the advertising department we avidly watched the ads of our rival.

From this wealth of experience we remain convinced that the tragedy is not those who leave Macy's because they are not "well integrated with their jobs," but those who stay because they are. We still wonder: "Are they mice or are they men?" And we're more ashamed of the 18 months we stayed on one job than the ones we walked away from—after a month, or two, or three, simply because we "didn't like it, never would like it, didn't want to like it." We're sorry about those 18 months, not sorry we once left to spend a never-to-be-forgotten summer writing a book, that we resigned again one day when we passed a steamship company's window and realized that our bank account would buy a ticket to Europe, not sorry that we somehow landed in Carmel (though we're prone to wonder how long it is wise to stay).

We confess without shame to a sneaking admiration for the horrible example—that old gentleman who blew the money which was to bury him on a fine stamp for his collection, wondering if perchance the collection he left were not a better memorial than a nifty funeral.

There were missing so many other qualities we like in our adults. We haven't exactly made a list of our own, but we might observe that we regard intelligence as an innate quality and would substitute a ceaseless probing curiosity—knowing well that it's a childish characteristic. But for an adult we'd make it critical and constructive. And certainly we'd have somewhere near the top of the list a social consciousness, a sense of one's place of part of a group and his obligation to his fellows. Maybe a sense of values would cover part of what we mean, and we prefer humor to happiness, believing that it's a by-product and not something which can be sought in itself. (We think what the doctor meant was cheerfulness.) We'd not have everyone lovable, either, preferring now and then a crusty old curmudgeon and believing in the power of righteous wrath. We'd sacrifice a lot of the

articulateness in the world for a small flame of divine discontent, remembering how Lincoln Steffens said he taught his child that nothing was ever right or finished. . . . And there's imagination—but that, too, is childish. But it's these un-adult things we like in our adults.

In fact we think here would be a grand place to form a group to promote more and better neurotics, whose purpose shall be the destruction of dullness and the promotion of differences instead of similarities. We invited all those interested to meet at our house for tea. We'll begin by thanking God there are some psychiatrists who can write, "Thank God you're Neurotic."

—P. P. B.

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FILIPINO SWEEP FROM ROCKS AND DROWNED

Victorino Salazar, living at Gonzales, was swept from the rocks while fishing and drowned last Sunday near the mouth of the Garapatos Creek. Efforts of half a dozen Filipino friends of the man were unavailing. The body had not been found late this week.

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LINCOLN IS HONORED BY LA COLLECTA CLUB

Miss Flora Gifford entertained La Collecta Club at her home Wednesday afternoon. The program for the afternoon included a reading by Mrs. D. E. Nixon of an article on the life of Abraham Lincoln, which was topped off by Edward Markham's "The Man of the People." Miss Gifford read a story from the current number of The Readers' Digest, called "The Boy Who Was Traded for a Horse." From her long and interesting career as a teacher in the South, Miss Gifford was able to illuminate her talk with reminiscences of the country and of Professor Carver himself, who was traded for a horse and became a man of consequence therefor. Current Events were discussed and refreshments served. The birthday of Mrs. Cora Newton was appropriately celebrated.

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"WINTERSET" AN UNUSUAL PICTURE, HERE NOW

Tonight is your last chance to see one of the finest pictures of 1936, the New York critics' prize-winning play, "Winterset," by Maxwell Anderson. It is playing at the Carmel Theatre and you may have missed the billing. It is a double feature and if you look at your theatre program you will see the other feature "Rainbow on the River" in large print and "Winter-set" in very small print down in the corner.

"Winterset" is a play of more than usual significance. It has been a sensational movie hit since it first came out and has startled the metropolitan critics as well as the theatre-going public into a realization that contemporary themes treated in connection with contemporary life can and will make box office receipts. It is an unusual opportunity and we hope you take advantage of it.

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(Continued from Page One)

to the airport, either by a vote of 3 to 2 or 5 to 0.

John Jordan was perhaps the most ardent proponent in the lobby. He talked on several occasions in favor of it, even to the point where he himself admitted he was perhaps talking too much. His first three or four speeches were well-guarded and he controlled the Jordan vocabulary and phraseology, but along about the ninth speech he forgot himself to the extent of branding the real estate men of Carmel as highwaymen or thugs or something, charging that they came right into his hotel and snaked out his guests, sold them real estate or rented them homes and thereby robbed him of his bread and butter. It was a good point, as far as painting the local real estate in an energetic light, but it didn't move Miss Kellogg.

Later, about speech No. 11, he said: "The city will get it all back; the merchants will profit."

"Yes," answered Miss Kellogg. "The merchants will get it back, but will the city government get it back."

Then proceeded a little discussion, entered into by all and sundry, as to whom, what and why was the city government. John rather made it deuce on this sort of serve, but couldn't get the advantage and he lost the set.

Both Mayor Smith and Councilman Thoburn appeared to rest their affirmative case on the slogan: "Hasn't the Del Monte Properties company done enough for us; why not let it have an airport?" Councilman Rowntree again was mute on the end of his cheroot.

Chief of Police Norton swung his racquet rather back-handed and got one over the net. Said he: "The people who travel in airplanes don't have automobiles. They'll come to Carmel and use the taxi-cabs and that's good business. They won't wear out our roads with automobiles." All of which limned the picture of the taxi drivers ignoring our roads entirely—somehow.

But we are to appropriate the money for the airport—next March 3—either 3 to 2 or 5 to 0.

NEW FILMARTE ORGAN AND ORGANIST ARE WELL RECEIVED

Music lovers from all over the Peninsula greeted Evan Price, concert organist now at the Filmarte, Wednesday evening at his initial performance of "Melodies in Style." Price, who plays the newly-installed Filmarte Hammond Organ has just recently completed engagements at the Desert Inn at Palm Springs, and the Hollywood Plaza, and was brought to the Filmarte by Manager Richard Bare at no little trouble.

Price will continue to present his organ prologues during the run of "It's Love Again" with Jessie Matthews, now playing at the Filmarte.

Mrs. Anne Leffingwell has returned to her home here after a visit with her husband who is prospecting or something down in Death Valley.

Who Are Teaching Our Children?

RUTH SMITH

You let a child work on a big canvas, with a brush. At first you allow him to do anything he sees and he loves it and is pleased. He clamors to draw, and draw more, and to paint all the colors he feels within him. Somehow or other, he never makes his sky and sea meet, which is right, too, because he has, as yet, no horizons of his own.

After a year or two, he begins to be dissatisfied with what he has done. He tears it up with varying emotions—anger, shame, despair. He has no way of knowing that it can be done over again. Over and over again. So he has a teacher who must, with patience and great sympathy, show him this. And that is what we have Ruth Smith here for.

This fundamental understanding of her job is only one side of the versatile young woman who is teaching Art at Sunset. Perhaps one reason why we went all out to her ourselves is that she is the kind of a girl who gets into things and then finds her own way out. A creative artist herself—she has two watercolors at the current Santa Cruz show—she is, personally, a communicative artist as well. If she is seen taking a crew of youngsters out cycling, she is first a cyclist. If she is making up the *Sunset Glow*—of which she is faculty editor—she says that she and the

boys and girls forget to eat. (And do we know!) She even went so far as to get right into the paint pot one day, and if you want an illustration of getting immersed in your job, there's one. It was green paint, too. Just as it got spilled, Mr. Bardarson walked in and found Miss Smith and her class rather literally up to their necks.

Not to be outdone by the Museum of Modern Art, Miss Smith has helped organize the Four Counties Art Association, the purpose of which is to get together from the things the children are doing in this part of the world, a travelling exhibition, so that comparisons may be observed by the children themselves. We would like to remind you that the Metropolitan Museum has an annual Children's Art Exhibit which is, without any doubt, one of the significant and interesting projects of the Art year. We can see no reason why Miss Smith's association cannot give us as great a treat as the City of New York manages, and when it is *Sunset's* turn to house the exhibit, let's do it full honor. It seems so terribly true of all the arts, that "except ye become as little children—"

This is Miss Smith's first year here. We feel we have something there!

and your artistic purity you have to bring in with you. And we will pay the duty.

—L. S.

SPANISH LOYALISTS TO BE HEARD IN MONTEREY

Directly from war-torn Spain, the Spanish Youth Delegation will appear in Monterey on Monday, Feb. 22, at the Masonic Hall, at 2:30, where they will follow up appearances at leading universities and colleges, including Stanford and the University of California, giving first-hand conditions in their country.

All of the delegates, who are under 30 years of age, have seen active service in Spain. The youngest, a 19-year-old Red Cross nurse, was a convent student a year ago, and left Spain to join the delegates only two days after her home was bombed. Twenty-seven year old Luis Simarro, and his 23-year-old wife, Maria Simarro, with Eugenio Imaz, a Catholic editor, will comprise the remaining members of the delegation.

In the evening, there will be a benefit dance in the Masonic Hall, the proceeds of which will go directly to relief work now being carried on in Spain.

+

Frank Work has been in the hospital with a bad case of flu.

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Carmel Beaten By Heaviest Storm

(Continued from Page One)

glim or glitter until Sunday. Carmel Highlands was, or should we say were? luckier. The lines there were back in shape early Saturday afternoon.

The P. G. & E. had to work valiantly to make the come-back as soon as it did. Two line crews and the service wagon in Carmel were augmented by a crew from Salinas, making about 17 men in all climbing poles and cutting trees away from wires, re-installing transformers and doing sundry things, any good percentage of which was life-risking.

Then, as evening fell, so fell the wind, and so softened the rain. Carmel went to bed amidst comparative quiet, except for the shattered stillness which is the province of Saturday night goes-on. Those who did not go to bed revelled as usual, a large number of them in the sanctified quiet compelled by the voice of Richard Crooks.

Then came midnight and the silence of the hour was as eloquent as the pitch and toss of the noisy day.

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BOOK SECTION HEARS REVIEW OF VERA BRITAIN BOK

Displaying a fine grasp of the art of the raconteur as well as just the right hint that she might be able to act, Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather reviewed Vera Britain's "Honorable Estate" before an appreciative audience of the Book Section of the Woman's Club on Wednesday morning at Pine Inn.

The book deals with the transition period, comprising about all of this century so far, during which women have come into the position

suggested by the title. Held by the enticing presentation of the story itself, Mrs. Mather's audience nevertheless was never permitted to forget the theme—the emergence of women into places of significance and the respondent sense of responsibility with which they must meet this elevation.

Mrs. Mather is a definite asset to Mrs. Ross Miller's staff of reviewers.

Mrs. Margaret Grant, who has pleased so many by her eloquent and understanding analyses of books and their authors, has consented to give a course of five lectures if she can get the required subscriptions—that is, enough people to make it worth her while—\$2 for the series. The home of Miss Elizabeth Allcott will be used for these talks.

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